



PEBBLES

FROM

THE SEA-SHORE.

THE STRAWBERRY BLD

A Book for Little Girls.

"I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Missing the sunlight at the evening hour
And hearken to the thoughts thy waves express—
Thy mutter, tinkle, and tinkle."

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PREFACE.

THE following pages were first suggested by the real wants of the Author in the education of his own children. He could not find such a book as he had in his mind; a book, at once moral in its influences, instructive in character; teaching common things; simple in language, and sufficiently lively in style, to gain and keep a child's attention. As the want of such a book was a reality—so were the circumstances that struck out the subjects and the manner of treating them. He spent a summer with his children near the sea. There he learned that there is no time so good to teach a child, as when the object is right before it, and attracts its attention, and solicits its inquiries. Favoured

by these circumstances, the Author wrote this little book, which he now gives to the world, hoping it may prove a source of instruction and amusement to many children besides his own, as they all are children of one Heavenly Father, whose works they should know, that they may love the Maker.

PEBBLES

FROM

THE SEA-SHORE.

CHAPTER I.

“O, PAPA, I wish I knew everything in the world,” said little Lizzie Sealand to her father, one morning, when they had taken a walk to the sea-shore, and were seated on the ground, under a grove of beautiful trees. “O, I see so many new things every day, and they are all so lovely. I wish, papa, you would tell me all about them, and then I would know so much.”

“A very modest wish, my daughter,” said her father, “for a little girl only six years old. But I am glad to see you wish to learn. If you really wish to improve, you will always find some one ready and willing

to tell you everything you may wish to know and can know. I have brought you and little sister, Mary, here to-day to see the ocean from the shore."

"What a pretty place to see it from, papa! It is so cool here. These trees are so pretty, and they make such pretty music, and then the grass looks so green out there, and the water looks so blue; and O, papa, see how the sky comes down and meets the water, and says, I fancy—but it is so far off I cannot hear it—'How do you do, Miss Water?' Is not that funny, papa?"

"Very funny, but what is most funny of all is, that they always meet just so far off from everybody, so that nobody ever hears what pretty things they say to each other. If you should get into that ship, and sail away off where they seem to you now to meet, they would run away from you, just like your little sister sometimes, and hide somewhere else, and seem just as far off as they do now. The men who go in the big ships, sail all over the world, but they never come any nearer

where the sea and sky meet each other, than you are now."

"O, I know what you mean, papa. They never come together, they just make believe to meet, as little Mary and I do when we play party. But then I should think they would want to talk to one another; and O, how tired they must get looking one another in the face all the time, and never laughing, and never talking. Now, little Mary, you look me right in the face *just so*, and don't laugh, nor say one word. Ha, ha ha! why, I cannot do it one minute, papa, and little sister cannot do it at all, and how can the sky and ocean do it so long; ever since I was born, and grandma was born, and grandpa," said little Mary, "all, all the time?"

"My child, if they looked as cross as you were just trying to look, they might find it as hard as you do. But they do not look *just so*, as you told little Mary just now, all the time. They smile, and laugh, and frown, and sometimes cry, if they do not talk, as you awhile ago made believe."

“O ho, ho, ho, papa! Then the sky is smiling now, is it not? for see how pleasant it looks, and the ocean—why, it is laughing out. Just look at its face; and do you not hear it? I know what you mean when you say the sky frowns and cries. Now you see: Sometimes I have seen great big black clouds in the sky, and then you say it looks cross, as you say to me sometimes when I do not feel pleased. And then, when the sky looks cross, we see all the naughty black clouds in the ocean, so that looks cross too, just as you tell me if I am not good, little sister will not be good. When it rains, you say the sky cries; and when the wind blows, and raises up great big waves, you say it is angry, and in a rage. How funny, papa, that the sky and ocean should be so much like Mary and me; and that I should learn from them how to be a good little girl, by keeping away all the naughty black clouds!”

“God has so made everything, my child, that it will teach us to be better, and make us better if we love it.”

“ I know my little chicken, and my little kitten, and pigeon, and bird, when I love them all, make me good—and my flowers, for they are so pretty; but I never thought before that trees, and rocks, and sky, and ocean would. I see now, and I am glad I have a good papa to tell me all these things. But papa, do not let us make believe any more. What is the ocean, and where does it go?

“ The ocean, my dear, is a great piece of water, that goes round all the world. The world, you know, is round like a great apple; and all over it in spots is land where people live, and all between the land is water, which is called the ocean.”

“ Why, how big it must be!”

“ Yes, it covers nearly three-quarters of the whole world; so the fishes have three times as much room to live in as men have. Do you know what those white things are you see on the ocean?”

“ Yes, they are ships. Where are they all going to, papa?”

“ They are going all over the world. Some

12 PEBBLES FROM THE SEA-SHORE.

are going to where the sun goes when it is night here, away to the other side of the world; some are going to where the sun rises from, and others to where he sets. Some to where the cold, and hail, and snow come from in the winter, and some to where the warm winds come from in the spring, that make the tender grass to spring, and all the flowers to open their little buds and bloom. They go to every country in the world: where the Indian lives, and the black man; where it is so warm, the people have no houses, nor clothes hardly, and live out of doors all the time, and have no cooking, but live upon fruit that they gather from trees; and where it is so cold there are ice and snow all the time, and nothing grows, no tree and no fruit, no grass and no flowers, and the people dig holes in the ground, and live in them to keep warm. They go to bring us good things to eat and drink, and pretty clothes for us to wear, pretty books for us to read, and medicines to make us well when we are sick."

"Now I see what the ocean is for. If

there were no ocean, the ships could not go, and so we could only have what we can get at home. Grandma could not have her tea she loves so much, nor grandpa his coffee, nor mamma her pretty silk dresses, nor you, papa, all your books, nor little sister and I all our pretty toys. O, how glad I am there is an ocean to bring us all these things! How I shall always love it, when I think how much good it does to us all!"

"You have seen, my dear, of how great use the ocean is to us, by being a great high way for bringing to us so many things we want from all countries, and the most distant parts of the world. But it is useful in many other ways. It causes all the showers and rains we have, which make everything grow; the green grass, and the pretty flowers, and the bread and meat that we eat. You feel, too, and enjoy this cool wind, which we could not have, if there were no ocean for it to flow from. In some parts of the world, a great way from the ocean, the wind is so hot, people cannot breathe it, and nothing grows.

Nothing is to be seen but rocks, and dry sand, and people have to throw their faces on the ground that they may not breathe the hot air, and they cannot find a drop of water to drink, but have to carry it with them, or go a great way into another country."

"O, I love the ocean more and more. It is so good to us. Was not God good to send it all round the world, so that almost everybody could be near it, and have all the good things brought them, and feel its cool winds, and have its fine rains?"

"Yes, my child, he is good in all things: in what he gives, and what he does not give."

"How it makes me think of a part of that little hymn I learned once:—

‘Hark, the little birds are singing!’

‘O, ’tis God; how good he is!

He does every blessing give;

All this happy world is his;

Let us love him while we live.’”

"Yes, dear, all this happy world is his. He made it, and that is why it is happy.

But we must not think that he has done everything for us, and nothing for anything else. God has made all his creatures to be happy in their way, as well as us. And, at the same time, he has made them all to be happy of and in themselves, he has made them to make other of his creatures happy too. You know not only how happy little Mary is herself when she is good, but how happy she makes you, and mamma, and me, and grandma, and grandpa, and all her friends. Just so every one of God's creatures is not made for its own pleasure and happiness alone, but to make others happy. Even the little fly that buzzes about the room with such joy, lives not for itself alone, but makes its companions happy; and by its death at last, when it can enjoy nothing more, still gives joy to the spider that eats it for his dinner. Neither the fly nor the spider, as far as we can see, add much to our happiness. Still God has made them, and allows them to live. So the ocean that does us so much good is not for us alone. It is full of creatures. The whale

that is as big as a steamboat, and the little animal that is so small that you cannot see it with your eyes, live in it. All these creatures are happy. They swim in the water, and dance, and play. The big ones eat the little ones, and then they again those that are larger, and men catch the larger fish, and eat them, and the great whales too, and make oil out of them. A great many useful and pretty things come out of the ocean, too. The soft sponge that mamma uses to wash you with comes from the ocean, and was once alive. The beautiful red coral beads, too, that little sister wears, are from the ocean, and once formed houses for little animals to live in. The pearls, too, that ladies wear, and think so fine, are all from the ocean, and were once worn by an oyster; and all the pretty shells you see, and the salt you eat with your dinner, and some of the medicines that make people well."

"O, papa, I did not think before the ocean was good for anything, only for the fish to live in, and to drown people in; but I shall

love it now, when I see it or think of it, it gives us so many things."

"You must never think anything useless or bad, my child, because you do not know what it is good for. All is useful, though you cannot see its use. You do not know; but God, who made it knows or he would not have made it."

"I see now. The more I know, the more I shall see what things are good for, the more I shall be like God's own child. But I can never know so much as he does. He knows everything, so he knows what everything is good for. I mean to know all I can; and I want you, papa, to tell me something every day. O, I want to see mamma, and tell her what a happy time I have had. I think she knows where we are."

"Well, come, my child; to-morrow, if it is pleasant, we will return, and walk on the beach, and you may learn still more."

CHAPTER II.

THE next day was clear and pleasant. It was midsummer, and away from the sea was very warm. No day could be better for taking a walk on the beach. As soon as breakfast was over, therefore, Lizzie, alone with her father, for her little sister was too small to go with them, and to walk so far, set off for the sea and a stroll on the beach. They had not to walk far, for they were spending the summer at Lizzie's grandpa's, near by.

“O, there, there is the ocean, papa! I shall always know it now, it looks so blue. What makes it look so blue?”

“You can learn that now. Blue is the colour of the water, and of the air too. If you take a little of the sea water in a clear glass, you cannot see that it has any colour, it

looks clear. "If you go away out on the sea, where the water is very deep, it looks blue, because you look through so much of it, that all the blue in every little, or glass full, is all seen at once, and makes it look as blue as Fanny's wash tub, after she has put in her blueing bag."

"O, I know now, for the other day I was playing with Fanny's blue water, and dipping it up in a little dish, and when I took a little, it did not look blue at all. Who would have thought that would have taught me about the ocean?"

"That is not all it teaches you, my child. It shows you why the distant hills look blue, and the sky."

"Is the sky not really blue, papa? It looks so, and how pretty too!"

"There is no real sky, my child. There seems to be, and we talk as if there really were one. You have seen why the sea looks blue."

"Yes, I know all that well."

"You know what the air is?"

“ Yes, for though I cannot see it, I can feel it, when I move my hand fast in it, or when I fan myself.”

“ Very well; this air you can feel, is very much like water, only it is not so heavy, and there is a great ocean of it all round the world, and much deeper than the water ocean. We live in this great air ocean, and go about in it, and breathe it, just as fish live and swim about in the sea.”

“ That is funny; then we are air fish?”

“ Yes, and we cannot live without it, nor the fish without water. So this ocean is called our element, and water the fishes’ element. Air is the element of all animals that live on the land, and in the air like birds, and water is the element of all animals that live in it.

“ But I was going to tell you why the sky is blue. If you take a little air as you did of water, it looks clear. So when you look at things that are near, they do not look blue, because there is little air between you and them.”

“ I understand now without your telling me.

When we look at the hills and mountains that are a great way off, there is a great deal of air between us and them, so they look blue, because the air we look through is so. And when we look right up, or away off, where there are no hills, we look right through the great ocean of air you told me was so deep, or high to us, because we were at the bottom of it, and that looks blue just as the ocean of water, or Fanny's wash tub when we look down into them. O, so there is no sky! and that is the reason it does not meet the ocean, papa, as you told me the other day. But we will make believe sky, will we not, papa? it is so pretty, and if we did not, there would be no place for the sun, and moon, and stars, and there are so many pretty verses about it, too."

"Yes, but we have come to the beach, and if you look you will see many things that you never saw before, and that you can learn from."

"O, dear me! what a heap of stones, and how round they are, papa, and how smooth,

and all sizes, and all colours! Who piled them all up there, papa, and what for, and who made them all so smooth?"

"The ocean, my dear, did all that."

"Why, papa, the ocean has got no hands to make them all so smooth, and pile them all up so prettily."

"The ocean did it without hands, and all this is but a small part of what the ocean has done."

"But how did it do it?" It must have taken a great while."

"Yes, it took a great while, a great many thousand years, but it never got tired, and kept working on, till it rounded and smoothed, and piled them up, just as you see them."

"I fancy the ocean knew my little piece, and kept saying it to itself, if it worked so long. You know, papa,—

"Here's a lesson all should heed,

Try, try, try again;

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try, try again.

Let your courage well appear;
If you only persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try, try again."

"Very likely; and you cannot do better than do the same, when you get tired of doing anything you ought to do."

"Why, I have hands and feet, and I ought to persevere if the ocean does."

"We have got over the stones, and now we will go down upon the hard sand."

"O, how nice, papa, this is, so fine and so hard! And did the ocean put all this sand here, too?"

"Yes, and made it, too. All this fine sand was rubbed off the stones by the action of the water, and every time the water comes up here now, it rubs off a little more, and makes it a little finer."

"But see here, papa, what I have found—a pretty shell! Where did that come from?"

"From the sea; and the water has worked it up, and left it on the beach; and look,

there are thousands of them. That was once the house of a sea animal. It lived in it; and was happy in its ways, till it grew too big for it. The animal then crawled out, and another shell grew over it just like this, only larger, and so it lived in that for a time. So all these thousand shells, you see, were once the home of some little sea fish, that loved its home as much as you love yours."

"O, here is something else."

"That, my dear, is moss, sometimes called Iceland moss, because it was first seen on the shore of Iceland. You have eaten the nice *blanc-mange* your mamma sometimes makes."

"Yes, indeed; and do you not know how much fun we have, that it is not blue, but white?"

"Well, your mamma makes it from this moss."

"Yes, I have seen her, but I did not know that it came from the sea-shore, or that it was this, till now. She takes some of it, and boils it in milk, and then pours it into moulds, and sets it away till it cools. Then it is *blanc-mange*."

“ I am glad you have been so observing of the use of sea-moss. Now learn what it is. It grows something like grass on rocks, and at the bottom of the sea. Then when the wind blows very hard, it makes great waves on the sea, and they run over the moss, and tear it up, and wash it up on the sand, where people can pick it up.”

“ But here is some that is green. Is that like the white?”

“ Yes, it is all green at first, and grows white from lying in the sun, and having the water run over it.”

“ O, that is just the way Fanny makes her clothes white. She spreads them on the grass in the sun, and then wets them with water. But here is something not like that. It is finer and softer.”

“ That is moss, too. As there are different kinds of grass on land, so there are different kinds of moss in the sea, that are washed up by the waves. The ladies gather these fine kinds and press them on white paper, and they look very pretty.”

“Do you not know how many Aunt Ellen had, papa, and how she gave you some pretty ones? If there are so many pretty things at the bottom of the sea, I should like to go down there and see them all: the pearls, and coral, and so many kinds of shells, and all kinds of fishes, and sea-weeds, and mosses. Would not I see a multitude of things, if I should go down there?”

“But I think you would want to come back again very quickly, when you saw all the sea monsters there crawling about with their long legs and claws in the slime and mud; for the things that are so pretty here, would not be so there in the dark.”

“Is it dark at the bottom of the sea, papa?”

“Yes, my child, where it is very deep, it is as dark as night in the daytime.”

“How deep is the sea, papa? it is not very deep here, indeed I can see the bottom. How clear the water is! That shows the water is not deep, for if it were it would be blue. But how deep is it where it is blue?”

“The bottom of the sea varies, my child, the same as the land out of the sea. There are level ground, and hills, and mountains, the same as here. You are now standing on the beach, which, when the tide is in, or the water high, is the bottom of the sea. You see how that slants off, and the water grows deeper and deeper, till it gets in some places to be as much as five miles deep, or as far below the surface of the water, as the top of the highest mountain is above the surface. Then again it grows less and less deep, till the land comes out of the water and forms an island. Sometimes several of these mountains push out their tops close together, and form what is called a cluster, or group of islands.”

“O, I am so glad, papa, you have told me how islands are made. I thought they were little pieces of land floating in the water like the cakes in the pan, when Fanny fries dough-nuts. But they are not. They go away down to the bottom of the sea, and do not move or turn over like the dough-nuts.”

“Some islands are made by little animals,

or insects that you can hardly see. For perseverance they are worthy of your imitation. They begin to work at the bottom of the sea, several miles down, and build, and build, and build for years and ages, and thousands of years; they and their children, and their great-great-great-grandchildren, through a thousand lives, till they build it up through the water, and it becomes an island, and grass, and trees, and flowers grow on it, and animals and men at last live on it."

"I will try, papa, and not be impatient any more, if little animals can work so long to make a place for us to live on."

"God gives them another end, my child, though this is the last. They are building all the time their own houses, one after another, one on top of another. So they work, work, work away, as happy as they can be, and their old houses that they have done with, and deserted long ago, form the beautiful coral that ladies wear for ornaments, and whole islands, and large groups of islands, for men to live on."

“Come, darling, we will go home now. We can come again to-morrow, and I wish you not to get too tired to-day.”

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE Lizzie had come home much pleased with her visit to the beach, and with what she had seen and heard. When she went to bed she thanked her Heavenly Father for having made her to be so happy; for having placed her in a world where everything was so pretty, and, as she now thought, taught her to be so good. I say, *now thought*, for she did not always think so. If she was sometimes not pleasant, nothing was pretty to her, and nothing taught her to be good; so much was she herself like the sea she had been studying. For the sea, when it is calm, reflects back all things beautiful above and around it; the blue sky, and the white clouds; the rocks and trees upon the shore; and, at night, the silvery moon and the twink-

ling stars. . Such a mirror was Lizzie's heart, as the hearts of all little children are when they are happy. But look in the same sea, when the winds and storm have made it rough and angry, and you can see nothing, or everything you see is made ugly and deformed. This too is like the hearts of little children that are unpleasant and naughty. Everything seems to them bad and ugly, not because it is so, but because their hearts are made rough like the sea, with anger.

Little Lizzie awoke still very happy the next morning, and when she came down to breakfast, she said, "Good morning, papa and mamma. I hope we shall have a pleasant day to-day. I want so much to go to the beach again. But I will not be impatient. I have not forgot those little animals that build islands in the sea."

"Well, my dear," said her father, "since you remember what you have learned so well, I will try to show you something new to-day. As it will be warm, and too far to walk where I wish to take you, I will get a carriage, and

take mamma, and you, and little sister."

"O, that will be nice, and how pretty it will be to ride on the fine hard sand!"

In a short time after breakfast was over the carriage was ready at the door, and the little sisters leaped with delight at the thought of a ride on the beach. They set off, and as they came near the ocean, little Lizzie, who was all eyes this morning, at every opening of the trees they were riding through, would cry out, "O, Mary, the sea, the blue, blue sea!" or to her mamma, "A ship! a ship! perhaps that ship is going for some tea for grandma."

"Or bringing some coffee for grandpa," said little Mary.

"How can the great ships go just where they want to, papa? what makes them go?"

"Men guide or steer them, my child, and the wind blows them along."

"Why, how can that be, papa, for the wind would blow them all the same way, and all to one place? But the other day, when we were sitting under the pine trees, on the

sea-shore, I saw some ships going one way, and some another."

"Yes, my dear, it was the wind that made them all go; the same wind that was blowing all the time the same way. The men at the helm or stern guided them, and made them go where they pleased. You have seen little fishes swim in the water?"

"O yes; do you not know those little gold fishes aunt Lucy had?"

"Yes; did you ever watch them to see how they swim with their little fins that they make go all the time, and how they turn themselves round with their tails?"

"O, yes; and when they want to turn this way, they turn their tails that way, and make their fins go, and they come right round."

"Just so, my child, go the ships. The sails, those great white pieces of cloth or canvass, as the sailors call it, are the ship's fins. The wind blows against them, and moves the ship. Then at the stern or back part of the ship is a great wooden plank or helm, with a

handle to it. This helm is like the tail of a fish, and is really the tail or guide of the ship. When a ship is sailing on the ocean, a man stands all the time, day and night, at the handle, and as you just now said of the fish and his tail, when he turns it this way, the ship goes that, and comes right round."

"Well, I do think that all the animals were made to teach us something. The fishes show the sailors how to steer their ships, and the little animals that nobody can see, show us how to persevere and be patient."

"We have come to the beach now," said Mr Sealand. "It is just the right time. It is low tide; and before the tide is up again, we shall have time to take a long ride, and see the bathers and the fish-houses."

"But look, papa, at the water, how restless it is? It is just like little Mary, isn't it, mamma? It can't keep still. Rollie-bollie, rollie-bollie, all the time rollie-bollie is the ocean, as papa sometimes calls little Mary."

"O, see! see!" said little Mary, "there comes a great wave as high as you are, papa."

It is coming, coming! O, just look, its head is all turning white like grandpa's."

"It is putting its cap on like grandma," said little Lizzie, "to see company. How do you do, Miss Rollic-Bollie. Why, you need not take your cap off so soon, and bow so low. We are not kings and queens. See, papa, it lies low at our feet, or rather at the horses' feet, like those people you told me about, that live where the sun rises. There comes another, and puts on her white cap, and takes it off, and falls down, and another, and another. The waves are very polite this morning, and I fancy they think us some great folks come to see them."

"I do not think, my daughter, it would make much difference with them whether we were here or not. They would put on and take off their caps just the same."

"I know, papa; I only wanted to have a little fun with the waves. But what makes them come up, and turn white, and fall down?"

"The wind, my child, makes the waves by

rubbing against the surface of the water, and heaping the water up before it, as if you put your hand in the water and moved it, the water would be heaped up before it. You know, too, how easily everything moves in the water, how much more easily than on the ground."

"O, yes, do you not know the little boat cousin Frank had? When he put it in the water, it went so easily, I could blow it along with my breath, but on the ground it went, oh! very, very hard."

"You see, too, my dear, those great ships that are bigger, and have more in them than grandpa's great house, and see how fast the little wind we can scarcely feel, blows them along."

"But the biggest wind that ever was could not move grandpa's house, could it, papa?"

"No, it could not move it along as the ship is moved, though it might blow it down. You can now know why the waves put on their caps. The wind rubs against the top of the water, and moves that too. The top

of the water moves on the water just below it, as the ship does, and so moves easily. But the bottom of the water moves on the ground, and so goes slowly and with difficulty, and cannot keep up with the top; and the top of the water runs on so fast, it has nothing to keep it up, and pitches over into the air, and mixes all up with the air, which makes it white, just like the water thrown up in a fountain, or falling over a rock or dam."

"O, I see now perfectly; and froth and foam are nothing but water mixed all up with air. Why, it is just like the little soap-bubbles I made with the pipe cousin John gave me; don't you know?"

"Just the same, my dear; and just the same as the eggs your mamma beats up when she makes sponge-cake."

"O, I know now what makes the eggs white and so light when mamma beats them. She beats the air into them, and I blow the air into the soap-bubbles, and the waves fall and beat the air into their heads, that makes them all so white."

“ But, papa, see what a number of people there are in the water. How do people swim, papa? for they have no fins like the fishes, and they cannot put their heads under the water either.”

“ So they use their hands and feet for fins, and as they cannot put their heads under water, they must learn to keep them out. This is the hardest thing they have to learn, though it is the easiest thing when once they know how. You have often floated apples in Fanny’s tub.”

“ O, yes, but I could never make a stone float, for when I put one in it always goes right to the bottom. They never learnt to swim, I fancy, but apples are very good swimmers.”

“ They never learnt to swim, my dear, any more than the stones, but the reason they swim is, that they are lighter than the water, and the stones are heavier, so they sink. Anything that is lighter than water will float, and anything that is heavier will sink.”

“ All these people then must be lighter

PEBBLES FROM THE SEA-SHORE.

than water, and that is the reason that they can swim. See, they are all under the water, but just their heads, and if they put their arms or feet out, their heads would go under, for, just like the apples that I float in a tub, they can only have a little piece out at a time. Now, I think I could swim, papa. I would walk in the water away up to my chin, and keep my hands and arms down, and then my head would have to be out. Then I would make my hands and feet go, as the fishes do their fins, and that would move me along, and I should swim."

"Very good, my daughter. That is the right way, and if you were not afraid, you might do it very well. But if you threw up your hands, as you sometimes do when you are afraid, down would go your head. You would likely be alarmed; you would forget to shut your mouth, and the water would run in, till it would make your body heavier than the water round you, and then, like the stones, you would sink to the bottom, and be drowned.

"We have got to the fish-houses now.

There is a man here who makes nice preparation for visitors. We will stop and have a dish of flounders for our dinners. Then we will return home again by the beach."

CHAPTER IV.

"How nice this flounder is, mamma! I never eat anything at home half so good," said little Lizzie, as she was holding out her plate to be helped the second time.

"Nor I, either," said little Mary, holding out her plate too. But it is not nicer than Fanny makes it, is it, mamma? It is because we are so hungry. Nobody could beat Fanny in cooking, could they, mamma?"

"Fanny is a good cook, dear, and I think you are quite right in what you say. The air gives us a good appetite, and the fish, I suppose, were just from the salt water, and very fresh."

"Do they catch the fish here, papa?" said Lizzie.

"Yes, out on the water. The fishermen

go in boats out on the sea, and take with them lines and hooks, and something to put on the hooks, for the fish to eat, called bait. When they get out to the right place, they let the boat lie still, and throw out their lines with a steel hook on the end, all covered up with good bait. The fish think it is thrown in for them to eat, and swim up to it, and take the bait and hook and all into their mouths, glad to get a good lunch. The man in the boat has hold of the line, and feels the fish bite the bait, and pulls quickly. The poor fish now finds that instead of a good lunch, he is caught in the mouth on a sharp hook. He tries to run away, but the line will not let him go, and the man keeps pulling in the line, and on the end of it he finds a nice large fish, and so he catches another, and another, perhaps all day, or till it is time for him to go home, or till he gets his boat full. Then he takes them to market, and sells them for something to feed his little children with. But come, children, if you are done. We must go soon, or the tide will get

so high, we won't be able to go back on the beach; and it is a great way round the other way."

"I do not know what you mean, papa, by the tide. I know about the waves with their white caps, but they do not come up to where the horse and carriage go."

"May be not: I hope not; but we must make haste."

They were soon all in the carriage, and going back by the beach.

"Why, papa," said Lizzie, "I really believe the waves are coming up. See, the sand is not so high as it was when we came down. The beach is not so wide. Is that what you call the tide, papa?"

"Yes, and we are lucky that we are not in some places; far away off, in a place called the Bay of Fundy, the tide rises so high, and comes in so fast, that sometimes it catches whole herds of hogs, that go out when the tide is low, to dig clams in the mud, of which they are very fond."

"Why, how high does it rise, papa?"

"It rises about seventy feet, or as high as our church steeple. There is also a place in Scotland where the tide rises so fast that a man on horseback can hardly get out of the way of it."

"O, papa, you will frighten me if you tell us any more such stories about the tide. See, too, it keeps coming up higher and higher. Every wave comes a little higher than the last one. They will be away up here soon, and then, papa, you will have to drive up on those big stones. But, papa, cannot the tide be stopped?"

"No, my child, it obeys only God, and the power he has given to control it. Have you never heard the story of the great king who made the attempt to stop the tide?"

"No, papa, tell it to us," said Lizzie.

"Once there was a very great and good king. His people all loved him, and thought he could do anything. He was so good they thought he was a god, and could do for them, and give them just what he pleased. The good king was sorry that they thought so of

him, for though he was good, he knew that he was still a man, and he wanted to show his people so too. So one day he told them all, that he would go down to the sea-shore, and tell the tide not to rise. The day came, and the shore was full of people to see the king prove himself a god by making the sea obey him.

“ He told four servants to take a great chair, and to place it near the water on the beach. Eight others he told to carry himself in a litter,* such as they used to carry kings in, and to set him in the great chair. They all did just as he told them, and when he was seated in the great chair, close to the water, the people all looked on in deathless silence, and the king raised up both hands, and solemnly commanded the sea to stop.

* The people heard him, and thought surely he was a god, and that the sea would do as he had told it. They looked. Every wave came a little farther than the one before it. At last, one came full up to the line the king had made. The next went over it. The next

came farther still, and the next-actually wet the king's feet. Still he sat, and the tide rose till the people saw that the sea would not obey the king. The king then rose and said,

“ ‘ You all see now I am a man, and not a god. Never again ask of me things that a man cannot give.’ ”

“ They were content, and went home a wiser and better people, and the king gained greater power by so doing than if he had made the sea obey him.

“ But, papa,” said Lizzie, “ you will have to drive fast, or before we get back, we shall get as wet as the king did. But I do not see what makes the tide rise, papa. There is nothing here to draw it up, and I do not see what good it does to catch men and boys on horseback, and us too if we should get wet. But, Mrs Tide, you will not catch me, for I will run over the stones first.”

“ I too,” said little Mary. “ O, I can run so fast, you can never catch me! You will not get me to live with your fishes, and crabs, and lobsters.”

“ But, papa, you have not told us yet what makes the tides rise so?”

“ The moon, my child.”

“ I know you are in fun now, papa ! Why, the moon is away up in the sky, and the tide is down here. Besides, there are so many stories about the moon that are all in sport. The man in the moon, and the cow that jumped over the moon, and the moon that is made of cheese. I know you are only in fun, papa. There cannot be anything true about the moon.”

“ My child, you believe there is a moon, do you not?”

“ O yes, I can see it.”

“ You believe in some things that you cannot see, as the air?”

“ Yes, but I can feel that.”

“ Well, there are some things that you can neither see nor feel, that you believe in.”

“ I do not know, papa, unless somebody in earnest, and not in fun, that I could believe, should tell me so.”

“ You know those beautiful swans that

cousin John once gave you as a Christmas gift?"

"Yes, indeed, and when I put them into a basin or plate of water, and took the little piece of steel and held it, I could sail the swans all over the basin just like real swans on a lake. And when I put one swan on one side, and the other on the other side, they would keep going nearer and nearer each other, till they came right up to each other, like my two little pigeons when they coo."

"Did the steel you held in your hand touch the swans, or did the swans touch each other at the opposite side of the basin?"

"O no!"

"What then made them move?"

"I do not know exactly. Cousin John said it was attraction, or drawing to each other. The steel drew the swans, and the swans drew each other."

"Could you see or feel them drawing each other?"

"No, but it must have been there, or they would not have come together."

"The earth and the moon are like two

swans that draw each other in just the same way."

"You do not mean that they are shaped like swans?"

"No, my child, you have learned that the earth is round like an apple, and the moon is round too. But it does not make any difference what the shape is, the drawing is just the same. The steel draws the swan, as well as one swan another. The earth then draws the moon, and the moon draws the earth, and the water being easier drawn than the land, the moon draws it up in a heap right under itself, and that heap of water is the tide. So every time the moon comes round there is a high tide, and when the moon goes away, it takes the heap with it, or passes over the land, where it cannot make a tide. Then again, when the moon is on the other side of the earth, it pulls it away from the water, and leaves a heap of water on this side. That makes two tides. So you see, we have two high tides, and two low tides, every time the moon goes round."

“No wonder,” said Lizzie, “the tide did not obey the king then, if the moon makes it. Did he not know the moon made it, papa?”

“No, dear, a little child may know more now than kings did then: so learn all you can, and thank God that you can learn so much.”

“Well, papa, we have got back just in time. Look back and see, the sand where we drove is all covered with water now. Yes, we have been ~~more~~ lucky than the king, and little Mary ~~did~~ not require to run either.”



CHAPTER V.

“Do, papa, tell us about the sea-animals to-day.. It rains so that we cannot go out, and I get so tired being in the house all day. I do love the things out of doors so much better than in, or than to play with my toys. But you tell us about the sea-animals, and that will do as well as if we went out, for we could not see them if we went to the sea, or not many of them. You will, will you not, papa, tell us something about all of them?”

“You know not what you ask, my daughter, if you wish me to tell you about all of them in a single day. I could hardly tell you as much as their names. But I will tell you something of the different classes or kinds, as they are called.”

“Do begin, papa, with the little ones, and so go on up to the great whales.”

“I will do as you tell me. The first then are little ones, indeed. They cannot be seen by the eye alone at all, they are so small, but have to be seen through a glass, which makes them seem a great deal larger than they really are.”

“O, I know; such a glass as you showed us the drop of vinegar with once; and we saw all sorts of snakes, and eels, as long and large as my arm, crawling and jumping, and dancing on the wall.”

“With just such a glass little animals without number can be seen in sea water. They differ in form and size, as much as the animals on the earth. But in some things they are alike. They are clear, like a piece of jelly, and you can look right through them. They have no head, but only an opening in the middle of their bodies, which serves as a mouth and a stomach. We cannot see that they have any eyes or ears, or anything else, but only a mouth and a stomach.”

“ But they can move if they are like those we saw in the drop of vinegar. Yes, they can move like some worms, and snakes, and some of them can turn round very fast. But what is most curious of all about these animals, is the light they give when on the surface of salt water. If the water be moved quickly where they are, as by the passing through of a ship or steamboat, it shines like fire.”

“ O, yes, I remember you showed it to me when we were in a steamboat at night. O, it was so bright! It looked like a streak of light, and I thought the water was all on fire, all behind the steamboat, you know, and behind the wheels where the water was rough. I did not know it was little animals that made it, though. Why, they are like fireflies, are they not, papa?”

“ Their light is supposed to be like that of fireflies, only they are so small it takes millions of them to make as much light as one fly, and countless numbers of them to make the light you see behind a steamboat.”

“ Are these the animals that build the great islands, papa?”

“ Not exactly, though they are much like those in form and structure. Those are larger, so as to be seen by the eye, without the help of a glass. They belong to another kind, called the plant-animals.

“ Some of them are so much like plants, that people, for a long time, could not find out that they were animals, and thought that they were a kind of plant.

“ Some animals of this kind stick tight to the rocks, and never move, and like the smaller ones, they have only a mouth and stomach, and their food is washed into their mouth by the water. Others float about on the surface of the water, often in large masses together, and look like pieces of thin jelly, so little are they like other animals. They too have a mouth and stomach in the middle of their jelly bodies, and well they may enjoy their food, for they seem unable to enjoy anything else.”

“ Is it not strange, papa, that God should make such things, when he could just as easily have made animals that could move, and see, and hear, and enjoy themselves a great deal

“To a little child who can see but little further, perhaps, than a plant-animal, it may seem strange; but if we had the eyes of God, and could see all his works at once, and how the lower things uphold the higher, we would not think them useless, or that they would be better any other way. When you go to the top of the monument, you have to begin at the bottom step, and go one step at a time, till you get at last to the top. If there were no lower steps, the upper ones would have nothing to hold them up.”

“O, I see, papa, what you mean. If there were no low animals, there could be no high ones, such as can see, and hear, and move about.”

“Just so: the little bits of animals serve as food to the plant-animals. They, in turn, are food for higher animals, and so on to the highest, and even great whales live mostly on the plant-animals.

“Why, how many it must take to make a dinner for a whale!”

“Yes, millions of them, but the ocean is

very large, and in some places its surface is covered with them; so the whales, and many other kinds of fish, have plenty to eat."

"But you said, papa, that the coral makers were plant-animals too."

"Yes, and the sponge makers; and great as are their works, the animal itself is nothing but a little bag or sack of jelly to look at, not bigger than a little ant, and some of them much smaller."

"How funny that they should do so much work, and build themselves stone houses! for you told me, papa, that the coral was nothing but their old houses, that they built to live in, and left when they died, one on top of another, piled away up through the ocean. But where do they get so much stone to build with? It would take a great deal to make whole islands and groups of islands, and they could not go to the bottom of the ocean and bring it up."

"They make it, my dear, out of the salt water, as men make salt; and the sponge makers make their houses out of a kind of

horn from the salt water too, and fasten them tightly to the rocks. The water runs through their houses, and they eat the little bits of animals as they pass along; and so they live, and keep building all the time, till they have made a great sponge. The rocks are all covered with these, and men find them, and tear them off, and sell them for sponges for people to wash with.

“But what is very funny about some of these animals is, that if you cut them in two, each part, instead of dying, lives, and becomes an animal by itself. And if you cut it all up into little pieces, each piece becomes a whole animal, and keeps eating and working, as if nothing had happened to it. If you turn them the other side out, as you can turn your bag, they mind nothing about it, but live, and eat, and work, just as well as before.”

“O ho, papa! that is the queerest fish I ever heard of.”

“The next kind is that to which the oyster and the clam belong.”

“I fancy there will not be anything funny

about them, for you know everybody says, ‘stupid as an oyster;’ and such stupid-looking things as they are too; but they are good to eat. They have no head, have they, papa? for I am sure I never saw one.”

“Not a proper head, but they have a mouth and stomach, and what serve them for feet, so they can move from place to place. But the oyster and clam, except to eat, are the least curious of this kind of animals. Even these, in some parts of the world, grow to a very great size. The oyster of India is a foot long, and the giant clam, as it is called, is three feet long, and one of them will make a meal for several persons. The oyster also produces all the pearls that ladies wear, and of so much value. They grow inside the oysters, in certain places. Men are taught to dive to the bottom of the sea, and catch the oysters. They are then opened, and the pearls, if any, are taken out and sold at a great price. The shell of the pearl oyster is also valuable for many kinds of ornaments, as knife-handles, paper-cutters, stiletos, and for inlaying.”

“Another animal of this kind, called the Squid, sends out a black fluid, from which is made the India ink, used for painting. But another kind is so large as to be truly fearful. They have arms fifty feet long, and with these they catch hold of boats in the water, and sometimes pull them under. The people have to take hatchets with them; so that if they are attacked by one, they can cut off its arms, and then it cannot injure them.”

“How glad I am I do not live there! Could they pull a steamboat under the water, papa?”

“No; the boats they pull under are nothing but row-boats, and little sail-boats. Another animal of this kind is the Nautilus, or little sailor. Its shell is shaped like the hull of a ship. It has the power of making it light; so that it will float on the water; it then stretches out its arms with a piece of skin between for a sail, and the wind blows it along like a little sail-boat on the surface of the water. If anything frightens the little sailor in his pleasure voyage, he at once pulls in his sails, sinks, and is in a minute out of sight.”

“That is the funniest little fellow I have heard of yet. How much he must know to do all that, and the same kind of animal too as the oyster! Why, that is not stupid, papa! I should not know how to do so much myself. I shall always think better of the oyster now, since the little sailor, its cousin, can do such strange things. But how do all these animals breathe, papa?”

“The same way nearly as fishes. They have gills, instead of lungs as we have. The water is constantly running over them, and the little bubbles of air that are in the water make them live, the same as the air we take into our lungs makes us live. They do not need so much air as we do, so that the little bubbles in the water are quite enough for them.”

“But, papa, I do not know exactly what their shells are for. To be sure some of them are very pretty, but then, as they have no eyes, they cannot see them.”

“If you would think a moment, you might easily guess what they are for. Their bodies

are very soft, and they live at the bottom of the sea among the rocks."

"I know now; they are to cover them, and to keep things from hurting them, are they not, papa?"

"That is their use. They are their armour, their house, and their castle, all at once, into which they can go and be safe from all their enemies. So needful are they to them, that when by any chance they get broken, the animals are very uneasy, and as soon as they can, they set about mending them."

"What! are they carpenters, that they can repair their houses?"

"Masons rather: for their houses are of stone, the same kind of stone as coral and marble. Like the coral makers, they too make the stone as they want it, out of seawater, and if a hole be made in one of their shells, they will fit in a piece so nicely, you would hardly know it had been broken. But grandma calls us to dinner. I must tell you about the rest of the sea-animals some other time."

CHAPTER VI.

“WELL, I think grandma knew we were talking about sea-animals, for see, she has got lobster for dinner.”

“Very likely, for that is the kind I was going to tell you about next. The shell fish I have just told you about are called the soft kind, and the lobster and crab, and those like them, are called the hard or crusted kind.”

“O, that is because they have a hard shell, like a crust of bread, is it not, papa? What funny-looking things they are, and they have so many claws, and such queer eyes. I never could think what their claws were all for.”

“They have four feet, which they use in walking, and the forward two are their hands, which they use to eat with; and see, they have their teeth in their hands, to bite and

chew their food with, before they put it into their mouths. Their eyes too are queer, as you say. They are firmly fixed, and the animal has no power to turn them as we turn ours, in their sockets. They are on the end of little hands or claws, so they can move them about in all directions, like a spy-glass."

"Why, they are like those men we read of in the story-book, that carry their heads under their arms, for they carry their eyes and teeth in their hands. I like true stories much better than made-up ones. They are quite as funny, and then they are real, and I can believe them, and they teach me so much. But I should think, papa, little lobsters would grow too big for their shells."

"They do, my dear, and then shed them once a-year, and get a new one, as you get a new dress sometimes."

"O, that is why there are hard and soft crabs, is it not, papa? Before they shed their shells, they are hard; then, when they lose them, they are soft, till they get new ones, when they are hard again."

“ You are quite right ; and in the soft state, they always hide themselves behind a rock, or in some hole, where nothing can come near, or hurt them: and there they lie, with nothing to eat, till a new shell is sufficiently formed to protect them. If they lose a claw, it grows out again. This is lucky for them, as they lose them from many accidents. They breathe with gills, like the shell-fish, and live on sea-plants. Lobsters are caught in a kind of basket, made of little sticks, with bait in it. They are so made that the lobster can crawl in, but not out again. Crabs are caught with a line and a bait, and sometimes in sieves.”

“ I do not know which I like best, papa, the lobsters, or the story about them.”

“ As both are finished now, you may go and play awhile, when I will tell you about the fishes and whales.”

“ I have played a whole hour. Now I want to hear about the fishes, papa.”

“ A fish story you know is another name for a great story, or a made-up story. I will try

that mine shall be true, if it should not be quite so big. Fishes breathe with their gills, which you can see behind their mouth."

"I have seen little gold fishes make their gills go. Is that breathing?"

"Yes, and they cannot live without it, more than we can without breathing; and if you hold their gills under water, so that they cannot move their gills, they will drown as quickly almost as a man."

"A fish drown?"

"Yes, or smother, for drowning and smothering are the same thing. You have seen how red a fish's gills are?"

"Yes."

"The air in the water, running over them, makes them so by changing the blood. If the gills be held, the water cannot run, the blood is not changed, and the fish dies, as you would, if your mouth and nose were stopped up, so that you could not breathe. But there is only a little air in the water, while we breathe a great deal of pure air; so they have cold blood, and we warm. All animals

both of the water and land that use little air are cold blooded, and those that use much are warm."

"Then air causes heat? I know our air-tight stove, when it is all shut up, is hardly warm, and does not heat the room; but when it is open, so as to let the air in, it burns and gets so hot, sometimes red-hot."

"It is the same with animals. You have seen the scales on fish?"

"Yes, and it is so hard for Fanny to get them off, when she is going to cook them. Do they do any good?"

"Yes, they are their armour, the same as the shells to the soft fish. They keep the rocks from hurting them, and they, and the slime on them, keep the salt water from making them sore. Scales are a sign of a cleanly fish, too. When God gave laws to the Jews, he did not allow them to eat fish without scales, because they always live in the mud, where they have no need of scales. You have seen some such, as eels and catfish, and you know what a muddy taste they have.

A fish's scales are often called its coat of mail, such as soldiers used to wear. They are sometimes so hard and thick, that a ball from a gun will not go through them. Besides, some of them have pikes, and swords, and saws, and dirks, like real soldiers. These they use to keep off their enemies, and it is said a sword-fish can even kill a whale, and they have been known to stick their swords through the thick oak planks of a ship."

"None of them have guns, have they, papa?"

"Not guns, exactly. But some of them have a kind of fire in them like lightning, and if you should touch one of them, it would shoot into you, and knock you down. It is said that some of them have enough of this electricity, as it is properly called, in them, to kill a horse, when it touches them. In some places, people catch them by driving herds of cattle into the water where they are. They shoot off all their electricity at the cattle, and then the people go in and catch them without harm.

"Fishes have need of all their arms, for

they live on each other, and they are never safe from their enemies. So exposed are they to danger, that they even sleep with their eyes open, so they can see if anything is coming all the time, and wake up instantly."

"I should think they would soon eat each other all up, and that there would be none left. Why, how many it must take for a dinner for a whale!"

"God has taken care, as he does of all his creatures, that they should have plenty to eat, and not all be eaten up either. They increase much faster than land animals, for the very reason that they are destroyed so fast. A single cod lays ninety hundred thousand eggs in one year. All kinds of fish do not increase so fast, but they lay many thousands. They drop their eggs in some still water, and in a few days these hatch, and each one becomes a little fish. You have seen the roe of a herring?"

"Yes, and I like it very much."

"That is its eggs, each little point being a separate egg."

“The next sea-animal is the turtle, which is not a fish, because it has no gills, and can live out of the water, but not all the time under water.”

“I have seen little ones in the water, and larger ones, that people eat, in the market.”

“Even the large ones are good to eat, and make the best of soups. In India they are several feet long, and the people are said to use their shells for roofs to their houses. Their shells make pretty ornaments, as combs and cases.”

“Grandpa’s spectacle-case is made of turtle-shell, and mamma’s comb; and I have seen many things made out of it, and I think it so pretty. Is the turtle’s shell armour, like the fishes’ scales?”

“It serves as that, though it is really his bones, his ribs and breast bone, that he wears on the outside of his body. The rest of his bones he has inside, like other animals.”

“That is as funny as the lobster, with his eyes and teeth in his hands. But tell me

now about the great whale fish. I have been wanting to hear about it so long."

"The whale is not a fish at all, my dear."

"Why, it is shaped like a fish, and it has fins, and a fish's tail."

"Yes, but it has no gills, and cannot live all the time under the water. It breathes as we do, has warm blood, gives milk, and belongs to the same kind of animals as the cow does."

"O, ho, ho! papa. The whale give milk, and a kind of cow! I suspect the milk would be fishy, if the whale is not."

"There are two kinds of whale, the right whale and the sperm whale. The right whale is usually the largest. It is sometimes a hundred feet long, or as large as a good-sized steamboat. The sperm whale is frequently eighty feet long, and the head is one-third part of the whole whale. The throat of the sperm is large enough to swallow a man, that of the right whale is small. The sperm eats large fish, but the other mostly the plant-animals. The sperm has a large hollow in

the top of his head, filled with spermaceti and oil. Ten barrels are sometimes obtained from the head of one whale. Besides this, the body is covered with a thick blanket of fat, called blubber. They melt this out in large iron pots into oil, as Fanny obtains lard from fat pork. The right whale has no hollow in his head, and so no spermaceti, and its oil is not so good as the sperm oil. A large whale will yield a hundred barrels of oil."

"But how do they breathe like us, papa, if they are in the water?"

"They stick their heads out to breathe, like a swimmer, and then dive down into the water again. When they first come up, their mouth is full of water. Before they can breathe, they have to throw that out, which is called spouting. It rises like a fountain in the air, and can be seen at a great distance. The sperm whale has one spout hole, the other two. After the water and old air are all thrown out, it takes in fresh air, as much as it can. This takes the sperm whale ten minutes. Then it throws up its tail, and

dives, and stays under water about an hour, before it comes up again to breathe. The right whale breathes two minutes, and is under water but ten minutes. The whale-bone you so often see is not real bone. It is more like horn, and comes from the mouth of the whale, where it lies in flat bars, like those of a window-blind, and serves as a strainer, to let the water pass through, and keep the little fishes for the whale to eat."

"I do not see how men can catch such great creatures, papa. They could not get a hook big enough, nor a line strong enough to hold one."

"Hardly. They catch them with a harpoon. That is a long piece of wood with a sharp steel point to it, so made with barbs, that it can go into the whale, but not come out. The wooden handle has a rope tied to it, very long, all coiled up in a boat. When a whale is seen spouting, some men get into a boat, and row close up to it. A whaler then takes the harpoon, and throws it with all his might, and sinks the barbs into the

body of the whale.. The whale then dives, and draws the line along with it. Lucky is it for those men if the line be long enough, for if it all run out before the whale has to come up to breathe, it will break the boat all to pieces, and scatter the men on the sea. When the whale comes up, they row up to it again, and this time take a short lance, fixed to a long wooden handle like the harpoon, and throw it so as to wound a large blood-vessel. The whale then dives again, but after a while, tired, and weak from the loss of blood, it comes up and dies. The whalers then get it alongside their ship, get all its spermaceti, and oil, and whalebone, and then let it sink in the sea, and go after another, and so on till they get their ship full of oil, when they return home.

“ Does not that take a long time? How much the poor men must have to suffer all the time, just that we may have oil to burn!”

CHAPTER VII.

THE summer had passed, and September with its gales had come. Lizzie and her little sisters were still at their grandpa's, for their father did not wish to return to the city till the weather was quite cool. They had not been to the sea-shore for some time, though they went so often while the weather was warm. Her father had promised Lizzie she should go again the first great storm, that she might see the ocean in a rage, as she now termed it, and see the great big waves.

The great storm at last came, and with it a September gale. The wind blew right from the sea on the land, and the rain poured, as if it had been poured out of ten thousand buckets. The sea roared so that it could be

heard above the rain and the wind, several miles from the shore.

Lizzie heard the storm, and came running in. "Papa," said she, "you will not have a better storm than this, to take me to the sea-shore in. Just see how it rains and blows, and do not you hear the wind? How loud it is, and that deep sound too, that sounds so much like the organ in our church, when they are singing, and they make it go heavy and deep, so that the church seems to shake. Do not you hear it, papa? I wonder what it is."

"That loud sound is the wind, my dear, howling through the air, and trees, and houses; and that deep sound is the mad ocean, dashing against the shore and rocks. You are right in thinking it is like music. This is nature's music. This is one of her grandest anthems, heard only two or three times a year, as in church you hear certain services only at Christmas and Easter. You remember how differently the sea sounded in summer when we sat under the trees."

“O, yes, that was so soft we could hardly hear it, but O, so sweet! I shall never forget it. It seemed almost as soft as the angel’s whispers mamma tells me about, that I sometimes think I hear bidding me be a good little girl, and then I shall be happy, and sometime go and live with them. But, papa, do take me to the shore. I want to see that great organ-player that we can hear so far. Will you not take me now, papa?”

“Not yet, it rains too much. If we go now, we should only get wet through. Besides, if we should go now, the sea would be covered with mist, and we could not see it well. The rain will be over by noon, but very likely the wind will blow still, and if it does not, the ocean is now so roused that it will not become calm in an hour, nor a day. An angry lion cannot sleep, nor can the raging ocean.”

“See, papa, it does not rain so hard now. O, there is a little piece of blue sky as big as my two hands! O, as big now, papa, as my apron! Now it is a great big piece. O, it is going to clear up, and papa is going to take

me to the sea-shore. . O ho! I shall see the great waves with their white caps, and they will come up and strike the great rocks, that are their piano, and make music. O, I shall be so happy!" So saying, she ran jumping and skipping out of the room.

The rain soon after stopped. The carriage was brought to the door, and Lizzie and Mary with their father started for the sea-shore—not for the beach this time, but for a cape, or long narrow piece of land that ran far out into the ocean, that they might see the breakers, and the waves dash themselves against the rocks. .

"Why, papa, we can hear the music still, and see, it rains a little. Where does that come from, papa? for there are no clouds over us now. I suppose the sky has got used to raining, and so cannot stop, like the ocean roaring, after the clouds are all gone."

"No, my dear, that is not rain, but spray from the sea, made by the breaking of the waves against the shore. It rises in the air, and the wind blows it away over here, though

five miles off. Sometimes salt is carried this way into the country as much as thirty miles during a long and heavy storm."

"Spray you mean, papa, for that is light. I do not forget how it is made, but salt is heavy. It is heavier than water, for when Fanny puts some into the water to boil rice in, it always goes right down to the bottom, just like a stone, and you told me that everything that sunk was heavier than water, and everything that floated was lighter."

"I mean salt and spray both, my dear, for the spray is made of salt water, and so has salt in it, and when the water dries up, the salt is left behind. That is solid, and cannot dry up."

"Is all the sea-water salt, papa? You have not told me that yet, nor what makes it salt."

"Yes, all the water of the ocean is salt; so salt that people cannot drink it, and when the poor sailors have nothing else to drink they die from thirst. Almost all the salt we use for keeping meat, and for cooking, is

made from sea or salt water. How the salt came into the sea, except that God put it there, we know not. But His purpose is most manifest. Both by its saltiness and its constant motion the sea is kept pure and wholesome, instead of stagnating, like the green slimy pond you remember at the farm, which was so ugly and unpleasant. If the sea were to change like that pool of rain water, all the fishes must die, and probably we also should be killed by its noxious vapours.

“But we are coming near the sea now, and shall soon see the breakers. We can now hear them more distinctly.”

“Yes, papa, they sound louder,” said Lizzie, “but I do not think they sound so much like music as when we were far off.”

“You are right, my dear, Many sounds that are unpleasant when near, are very sweet and musical when heard at a distance. It takes a great many sounds too, or oft-repeated ones, to make music, and when you are near some one loud sound, it drowns all

less and more distant ones, and so you hear nothing but the one loud ugly sound."

"O, yes, do not you know at home in the city? What an ugly noise the drays and carriages make, going by in the streets on the stone pavements; and the men hammering, building houses; and the tinman pounding his tin, and the blacksmith his iron? O, sometimes I want to stop up my ears, all these sounds are so harsh; but when we go out to aunt Merrill's, in the country, and sit down in the piazza, we hear such soft music from the city! It is almost like the music of the trees, papa, or the sound of the waves a great way off. And aunt tells me that that sweet music is nothing but the drays, and carriages, and carpenters, and tinmen, and blacksmiths, and stone-cutters, rattling, and sawing, and pounding, and hammering, and cutting, all at once—that all those rough and unpleasant sounds rise up together, and are softened by the distance, and become sweet music. *O, I cannot hear myself talk, the ocean roars so loud. We cannot go any

farther, papa, with the carriage. O, let me get out, and take little Mary too. I do believe the wind will blow me away. Papa, let me take hold of your hand. Mary, you take the other."

They left the carriage and walked to the end of the point of land that stretched far out into the sea. There they stood, while the wind still blew a gale from the sea.

"O, papa," said Lizzie, "I did not think the waves were so big. They are as high as grandpa's house, and see them all with their white caps on, away out as far as we can see. O, so many, and such big ones! Why, those we saw on the beach in the summer were little babies, and these great giants. But they are not so strong as the rocks are. They are not afraid either. They go right up—dash. O, you great giant, dash your brains out! dash yours, and yours, and yours! Such a fighting I never saw before, and of giants too." They are not like those giants you told us about, papa, that caught people and dashed them on the ground, and then eat them up.

These all dash themselves, but then they are so angry they do not know what they are doing. Dash, dash, why they will never stop! I should think the rocks would get tired and worn out after a while."

"They will be worn out and away after a while, my dear; and as much as you may laugh at the waves for foolishly dashing their own brains out against the rocks, like real giants, they will conquer the hard rocks at last, and wear and grind them all to soft sand and dust."

"And will there not be any rocks here, papa?"

"No; all this rocky point will be worn away, and the waves will take its place."

"Will the ocean wear the land all away, papa? then we shall have no place to live."

"No, it will not wash it all away, and it will take it a great while to wash this little point away, many thousand years."

"But look over there. I see nothing, papa, but flat land that you told me was marshes."

“That is what I wish you to look at. That was once all a part of the ocean, and the waves came up there the same as on the beach. The very sand the ocean washed from these rocks, it washed in there, till it was all filled up. It is now wet, but after a great many years it will fill up more and become dry. So you see the ocean makes land as well as washes it away. Thus we need not fear, that it will wash the land all away, so that we shall have no place to live on.”

“O, just see how wet I am, and Mary too, and you, papa! That is the spray, is it not?”

“No,” said Mary, “it is the giant’s brains you talked about.”

“O, ho! ho! ho! What will mamma say when we go home, and she sees us all covered with giant’s brains? But she will not care if they do not eat us up.”

“You are so wet now, my children, we will go to the house there and dry ourselves, and see if we can get something to eat, and come out here again before we go home.”

They went to a house near by, where some kind people lived. There was need of kind people here, for often on this very point ships were wrecked, and there was nobody near but this one family. .

CHAPTER VIII.

MR SEALAND and his little girls soon came to the house, and were able to dry their clothes by the kitchen fire, for, besides the kitchen, there was but one little sleeping-room in the house. They also got a luncheon of coarse bread and butter. But never fine wheat bread and butter tasted so good before to the little girls. They were hungry, and hunger is the best sauce to food.

They had scarcely done eating, when a man came in saying that guns were heard at sea. Some vessel was in distress. Ships, when in trouble at sea, always fire guns, that other ships near, or people from the land, may send them help.

Every one soon ran out to see what was

the matter. They all ran down to the point of land. No one could see anything.

“What is that white thing away out in the water, papa? See how the spray dashes over it. Now I cannot see it for the spray. There it is again. It is white. It does not move.”

“That, my dear, is a lighthouse. A man lives there, and keeps a light burning all night, so that ships that come within sight need not run upon these rocks. There is a lighthouse at every dangerous place along the whole coast for the same purpose.”

“But I should not like to live there, papa. How did the man go there, and how does he get anything to eat?”

“He could not go there now in such a storm; but when the sea is calm, he can go well enough in a boat, and take something to eat with him.”

Another gun was heard, and another. All strained their eyes to see the distressed ship.

“O, I see something,” said Lizzie, “away off ever so far. It is not a ship, though. It

it is not white, and has no sails. I do not see it now. It was away there, papa," pointing with her finger.

In a moment the hull of a vessel rose again to the top of a wave, and all looking in the right way could see it.

"It is a dismantled vessel," said the man of the little house. "She has not a rag of sail, and cannot keep off the rocks. We must try to save the crew. The ship must be lost." The vessel all this time was seen one minute on the top of a wave, and the next was lost in a trough of the sea, and could not be seen.

"All must help," said the man of the little house again, for he was used to such scenes, and knew just what to do. He was captain of all present, who had come to see the sea in a storm, or had thought that some such thing would happen. He got ready his boat and some long ropes. The ship drifted nearer and nearer.

"I can see it a great deal plainer now, papa," said Lizzie. "I can see the men in

it, one, two—it goes behind the waves so that I cannot count them. See them wave their hats. I hope they will not be drowned, papa. I will say a little prayer, and ask God that they may not be drowned.”

“And I will ask him to save them,” said Mary, “and when they get out of the water, I will give them my cloak to keep them warm. I wish I had my money-box here, I would give it to them to buy them something good. Will they not be cold and wet? But this good man will let them dry themselves by his fire as he did us, and he will give them something to eat, and you can give him some money, papa.”

The ship was now near the breakers, and every succeeding move might dash it on the hidden rocks into a thousand pieces. They on the ship had their boats all ready, and among them a life-boat.

“It makes my head swim,” said Lizzie, “to look at the ship go up and down so, and I feel unwell.” On it comes; it is now in the midst of the breakers, over which the waves

break and turn to raging foam. "Up—down—up—down."

A loud thump is heard, even on shore. "She has struck," said the man. Thump—thump again in quick succession—then one loud crash, and the fine ship is in a thousand fragments, tossing with the waves. The men in good time took to the life-boat, for no other could live in such a sea. They were now seen half-buried in the water, floating like the pieces of their ship.

"Stand ready," said the man of the house again. "Stand ready with the ropes, and if the boat lives till it is washed to the foot of these rocks, we can save them. If not, they will all perish, and no mortal man can help them."

"It is coming, coming," said Lizzie. "I can see the men plainly now, when they are not under the water. I can count them now, also. One—two. There are eight. What a queer boat! it is full of water, and now it is all under water, and it does not sink. Why not, papa? I know; because it is lighter.

Nearer, nearer. They will soon be close to the rocks."

"Ropes! ropes!" cried the man from the boat. The next moment they were at the foot of the cliff; a dozen ropes were let down from above. The sailors seized them, and fastened them round their bodies, as for life; and in another moment their boat was struck by a huge wave, and dashed against the rocks with such force, that it would no longer have held a single man. The men with the ropes drew them up slowly and carefully. Every man was saved. Their first act was to kneel on the shore, and thank God for delivering them. They saved not a thing from the ship. They cared not for that. They were still living, and they cared not if they had clothes, money, or anything else.

The man of the house asked them all to go with him and dry themselves, and get something to eat. He seemed as happy as they. He knew he had been the means of saving them, and he now wished to make them as happy as his little means could allow.

The sailors were glad enough to have so good a place to go to.

“Only think,” said Lizzie, “if the ship had been washed here in the night, or if there had been nobody to draw the poor men up, they would all have been drowned, and perhaps nobody would ever have known what became of them.”

“Many vessels are lost so, my child, or are capsized in a gale at sea, and every man perishes, and neither ship nor men are ever heard of.”

All now followed the sailors to the house, desirous to assist them, and to console them for the danger they had run, and the loss they had suffered. They were soon dry before the kind man's good fire, and refreshed by his warm drinks and food.

“I have never seen such a gale,” said the captain of the ship, “and I have followed the seas for thirty years; never witnessed such a night as the last. We were a hundred miles or more from shore when the storm began. We had no fears, even in the case of a severe

gale, which our glass showed was coming. The night set in, and the storm increased. The darkness was so thick we could not see half the ship's length. The wind now blew a gale, and right to the shore. I kept up all the sails I dared, to keep out to the sea. I knew if I let the ship drift before the wind, she would be on the rocks before morning. I called every man on deck, and closed the hatches, waiting for the worst. It soon came, for about midnight there came a puff of wind, that struck the ship sideways. She tipped before it, like a spear of grass before a rushing torrent. She was in an instant on her beams' end, every light out, and the men clinging to whatever they could get hold of, and crying to each other amid the howling of the storm. Nothing could be done in the pitchy darkness but to wait, half the time under water, clinging for life to the ship, to wait for death, or the morning's light. To some came one, to some the other. There were twelve of us when the ship capsized. The light, that seemed as if it never would

come, came at last, and there were but eight of us, half-drowned men, still clinging to the ship. Four had been lost. As soon as it was light enough, I told the men, if possible, to get axes and cut away the masts. After a long time this was done, and the ship, in rolling over a wave, righted. We shouted for joy. Our perils seemed to be at an end. We opened the hatches, and found the ship had not taken in much water. We got some powder and fired a gun of distress—another—another—and another. You heard them. You know the rest. Thanks to you, my friends,—the praise be to God!”

The children shed tears at the captain's plain story. They had seen and heard enough for one day of the dangers of the sea, and of the hardships of poor sailors. It was a new lesson to Lizzie, and it sank deep into her heart. Little Mary was not old enough to realize it.

“Papa,” said Lizzie, as they were riding home, “I cannot help thinking about the poor sailors—what they have to do—how

much they have to suffer—perhaps washed on the rocks, or dashed in the sea. I thought sailors were rough, hard men. These were not, papa. They looked kind. Then how they cried when the captain told about those who were lost. O, I know they were good men. And how thankful they were to the men that saved them, and how they prayed to God, and thanked him as soon as they touched the shore. I am sure they were good. I shall always love sailors, and pity them too. I am glad you are not a sailor, papa, and that I have not any little brothers sailors.”

“Sailors are a very useful class of people, my dear. We could not well do without them. We could have no ships, as they would be of no use without sailors.”

“No,” said Lizzie, “nor tea, nor coffee, nor spices, nor dolls, nor a great many of the pretty things we have now, could we, papa? We ought to love the sailors for what they do for us, then, if they were not good; but I know, I am sure those sailors we saw were good.”

“ The sailors not only suffer on the sea, my child, but they suffer still more on land, from ill-treatment. They have to go away off from their wives and little children. Away off in strange cities, they have no nice home to go to, but have to go to bad, dirty houses, where the people cheat them, and steal their money, and sometimes make them drunk that they may more easily steal their money.”

“ How naughty in them, is it not, papa? But are there not any good people to be kind to them, as that man was to-day? When I am a great big woman, I will be kind to them. I know that they are not all bad, and if there are some bad, I will try to make them good. Does nobody love them?”

“ Yes, my dear; and they are trying now, in all the large cities, to do them all the good they can. They have built churches for them, and in some places they have meetings in ships. Father Taylor, who first began this good work, had been a sailor, and knew how bad they sometimes were, and how unkind people were to them. So he preaches to them now, and tells them to be good, and he tells the people

he wants some money to build the sailors a home. And they have nice, large boarding-houses, called the Sailor's Home, where they can go and live, and if they are sick, be taken care of, and not be cheated."

"O, I know. I have seen the 'Sailor's Home' on a great house, like a sign in the street. But they cannot have any little children there, can they, papa?"

"No, my dear, but they can save their money there, to carry to their wives and little children in their own country, and so make them happy."

"See, papa, there is grandpa's; we have got home now," said little Mary. "O, how glad I am!"

THE SHOWER.

“ THIS is a *silly* doll, and I will not play with her any longer,” said little Mary, peevishly throwing down her waxen baby which she had been dressing and undressing for the last half-hour. “ I have not been able to make her do what I wish all this day.”

“ And do you expect your doll to understand your wishes, Mary?” said her mamma gently.

“ No indeed, mamma, I am not so foolish as to suppose my waxen doll can *know* anything, but I mean that everything goes wrong,—one dress is a great deal too large, and the other is so small that I cannot put it on; only see how I have torn the sleeve

with trying; it does seem as if everything was determined to trouble me to-day. In the first place, I could not go to Brighton with papa in the morning, because of this little, fine, ugly rain, though I had depended so much upon going,—and then, at breakfast, I spilled my coffee *all over* my nice, clean, favourite frock, which I had put on on purpose to go and see my cousin—and then, when I was obliged to put on this French dress, which is the ugliest that ever was made, I must break the string only tying it, and when I had the trouble of sewing it again, I pricked my finger most sadly, it aches yet,—and then, I tried to play with my cup and ball, it would not go once into the cup all I could do,—and now my doll behaves just as badly.”

“Stop, stop, my little girl, and take breath, while I tell you, that in all this long list of misfortunes, there is but one which you might not have prevented, and you should not complain of those which you invite.”

“*Invite*, mamma!” exclaimed Mary, “I

am sure I do not know what you mean;—I did not wish to spoil my pretty frock, or to break my string, or to prick my poor finger so; and above all, I did not wish it should rain such little, still, soft rain, just to disappoint me; I had a great *deal* rather it would have poured down as hard as it could, and then it might have cleared away by this time, as it almost always does, when it rains so violently, and I might have gone after all; but it keeps on just so—patter, patter, patter—how it does vex me to hear it.”

“I am very sorry, my little girl, to see you so discontented and unhappy; and I repeat to you, Mary, that when you speak of the rain, you mention the only misfortune which you have not brought on yourself.”

“I wish you would tell me what you mean, mother.”

“You foolishly and *wickedly* lost your temper, Mary, and suffered this naughty, angry spirit, to fill your heart, because the rain prevented your expected pleasure; you came to breakfast with this ill-humoured feel-

ing, and you pulled your cup of coffee to you with so much violence, that it could not fail to be spilled over you; do you remember this?"

Mary hung her head, "Yes, mamma, but I did not think it would jerk over me so."

"No, Mary, but you did not try to govern your temper. If you had quietly submitted to the disappointment which you could not avoid, this accident would not have been added to your troubles; you see, then, that this was of your own creating—then you went to change your dress, with all this ill-humour in your heart, and pulled the string of your frock with such force, as would have broken it, if it had been much stronger; this second misfortune, then, you might also have prevented, if you had restrained your temper tolerably. Do you remember this?"

Mary did remember, and she knew that all her mother said was true, and more; Mary remembered—(what she had been ashamed to complain of)—that she had pulled her string with such violence, that when it

broke her hand came with such force against the table as to hurt her very much—but she did not answer her mother, for she had not yet subdued her angry feelings, and was not yet ingenuous enough to acknowledge her fault—she hung her head in silence.

“The *next* misfortune, Mary,” continued her patient mother, “was the wound on your finger, which you feel now; was not this also caused by the quick and pettish manner in which you attempted to sew your string?—If you had been gentle, and careful as you ought, would your needle have been forced under your nail so far as to cause you so much pain?—and, even then, my dear little daughter, had you but reflected that you were suffering all these repeated punishments for your bad temper, and that probably they would continue to multiply, till you did repent and conquer yourself, the remainder of the day might have passed very happily; your cup and ball is the very same which you caught yesterday, with so much skill and pleasure, ten times in succession, but then

your hand was not made unsteady by your angry feelings; and your doll, which your kind aunt gave you but a few days since, is as beautiful and as rosy as it was then, and her dresses fitted admirably but yesterday; what can have altered them, and made them go on so badly to-day, but your own impatience.

“*All* these misfortunes, then, as I assured you, are of your own creating,—you might have prevented every one of them by submitting placidly to the first disappointment of the morning.”

“Well, that at least I could not help,” said Mary, “or I am sure I would; it is all owing to this tiresome shower; it always rains when I wish to go anywhere.”

“Did you not walk with me but yesterday in your uncle’s gardens?” said her mother.”

“Oh, yes,” replied Mary, “I had forgotten that, but I am sure I did not enjoy it at all.”

“Now happened that, my dear, you have always admired those fine gardens; it has

usually been a great pleasure to smell the sweet flowers and jump about on the green banks."

"Well, but it is all spoiled now, I think," says Mary; "everything seems dead, and the flowers, instead of being bright and sweet as they used to be, smelled so dusty, that they made me sneeze; and the trees and bushes are all white with dirt, and the leaves are withered; and then the beautiful grass-plot, where Ellen and I used to play at ball, looks as dry as straw, and it soiled my stockings when I was jumping on it, as badly as if I had been jumping on the gravel walks; I am sure I was sorry enough to see it look so differently. Besides, the hot sun seemed as if it would burn me up, all the time I was there, nothing looked green and pretty as it used to do in that pretty place."

"All this is certainly true, Mary, and your uncle thinks that even his fruit—the delicious fruit of his garden, will be destroyed."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, "Oh, all the

delicious fruit of my uncle's garden? And shall we not have any? Why, last year he sent us more than we could eat, and I do love fruit better than anything. Why did he not take better care of his garden?"

"He did all that he could, all that it was possible for him to do, my dear; he has dug, and planted, and weeded it most carefully."

"Well, what is the matter with it then, mamma? I am so sorry."

"The sun, Mary, has shone so brightly, so very intensely, and so long upon it, that it has almost parched everything up."

"Oh, is that it," said Mary, thoughtfully; "well, to be sure, he could not shade such a great garden from the sun, but could he not water it, as you do your plants when they become dry?"

"All that he could, he did, Mary; but it would take a great quantity of water to moisten such a large piece of ground."

"And could nothing be done then," said Mary, sorrowfully,—"that beautiful, and that good garden, too, mother; for you know

how all the poor families round him used to depend upon the nice vegetables that my uncle gave them. "And could nothing be done?"

"Not by your uncle, my dear Mary," said her mother seriously, "I told you he had done all he could,—but God has kindly relieved the parched and thirsty earth, by sending this blessed, soft rain, which, falling so gently and so steadily, will penetrate to the roots of the plants and the trees; and I hope it is not too late to restore them to life and vigour, and that we shall not have to fear lest there should not be vegetables enough for man and for cattle, and we may yet rejoice while we eat these good things, that there is enough for all of us; but had not this rain been sent us, in great goodness, I think all would have been lost."

"Oh mamma!" said Mary, bursting into tears, "I see now that I have been very, very naughty; for this very rain that I have been so ill-humoured about, as to cause all my other misfortunes, is, it seems, the best,

and greatest, and kindest present that could have been made us; for what could we have done, how could we have lived, if all the things that grow had been dried up? The cattle would not have had anything to eat, to make them grow fat, and then we could not have had any good beef and mutton, and the cows could not have given us any sweet milk for want of the good grass and hay, and we should not have had any delicious corn. And mother," continued Mary, "is not meal made out of corn?—then we could not have had any of Betsy's nice bread, that I love so well—and now this rain that I thought was so bad, and so tiresome, will save us from all this."

"I am truly glad, my dear little girl, to find that you are sensible of your folly and ingratitude; I hope you will never murmur at the weather, or at any disappointments which your heavenly Father sends: because he knows much better than we do, not only what is best for us, but what will make us happiest, and I hope you will bring no more

misfortunes on yourself by wilfulness or petulance."

Mary was convinced, subdued, and repentant. She resumed her good humour; and now she found, as her mother had told her, that her troubles had been of her own creating;—her doll again pleased, her dresses fitted, she caught her ball in the cup better than ever before, for she was patient and her hand was steady; she had soon the pleasure of visiting again the gardens of her uncle, which, revived by the gentle and continued rains, wore now a verdant and brilliant aspect;—and whenever the changes of weather, the heat or the cold, the rain or the snow, came to disappoint her of promised pleasures, she recalled the "day of misfortunes," as she called the day of her *best* instruction, and smoothed away all her impatient and angry feelings.

I very much wish that all little girls would learn from Mary's experience, how much better it is to bear disappointments cheerfully, than to fret about them; and then they

would be spared the pain of mortification with which she always remembered her fault and its sufferings.

JULIA,

AND

HER STRAWBERRY-BED.

THIS little Julia was a very good child, the daughter of a friend of my mother, to whom I was paying a visit at the time, when what I was going to tell you happened. Julia's mother had just then taken into her family an orphan boy, the son of a distant relative, about three years older than Julia, a spoiled thoughtless child, who had always been permitted to do pretty much as he chose. He was very fond of what he called fun, which consisted in playing tricks upon people, and then laughing at the mischief they occasioned. He was not an ill-natured boy, but, as I said before, he was thoughtless, and had never

been blessed with judicious friends, who could show him how wrong his conduct often was, and teach him that he ought to have some regard to the rights and interests of others, as well as to his own amusement. He teased and tormented poor little Julia unmercifully, by trying to persuade her to join with him in his mischievous sports, and then ridiculing her if she would not. He was so cheerful and pleasant withal, and, as Julia said, had such a coaxing way with him, that it sometimes seemed almost impossible to resist him.

One day they were in the garden playing together, directly under my chamber window, and I overheard him say, "Now, Julia, I have thought of some capital fun, and it will not do anybody any harm either."

"I do not believe that, James," said she; "but what is it?"

"Why, you know that poor lone man that you and I call the hermit; he has a strawberry-bed in his little yard, or garden, or whatever you call it, that some good soul planted for him last year, and he was telling

me last night how many strawberries he should get from it; and that, though he was too blind to work much in his garden, he thought he could pick the fruit, and that would be pleasanter even than the eating of it. Now I was thinking," said James, "that the next time you and I went to walk in that field close by his house, we would manage to go between five and six in the afternoon, when the old man goes every day to the school-house, for the master to read to him."

"O now, stop," said Julia, "you need not tell me any more; for if you want to manage to be there when old John is away, I know you are going to do something wrong."

"Oh poh! Julia, now do just hear me through, if you please, and then, when you know what my scheme is, you will have some right to say whether it is a naughty one; but not till then."

"Well, go on, but I know I shall not agree to it."

"O yes you will, Julia; all I want of you is just to help me to take up the strawberry

plants, and put some dandelion roots in the place of them; he is too blind to discover the trick, and then it will be so funny, by and bye, to see him poking with his fingers among dandelion roots for strawberries."

"O," said Julia, "how can you propose such a cruel thing, James; cruel, and not very honest either, I think."

"Why, as to the cruelty," said James, "we are all liable to disappointments, and old John's will be no greater than if there should happen to be a drought, which would prevent the strawberries from ripening, as I have known happen more than once in my short life; and as for the dishonesty, I have got plenty of spending money, and I will engage to buy him twice as many strawberries as his bed would yield, were the season ever so good; and next fall I will plant another for him. Have not I said enough now to remove all your scruples, Julia?"

"No," she replied; "the golden rule is the safest to try all one's actions by. 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto

you.' I would sooner have my own dear little strawberry-bed spoiled, which my father has planted for me, than that poor old John's should be destroyed."

"You would, would you," said James; "we will see how that is—one or the other must be done quickly; say which it shall be—will you go with me to old John's, or shall I try my hand on yours?"

James said this, not doubting that when reduced to such an alternative, Julia would no longer hesitate to yield; but, when he found that she still positively refused, though almost trembling for the fate of her little bed, on which she placed as much value as little girls are apt to place on the things that please them, his pride, of which he had a good deal, would not suffer him to retract. By this time, too, his temper was considerably excited; for, though usually good-natured, he was subject to sudden paroxysms of passion, under the influence of which he was apt to do, what a few moments after he would be sorry for. You perceive that I speak of this

infirmity as I would of a disease, and it is because I consider it in that light. So he easily caught up the spade, and proceeded to his work of destruction.

Julia did not utter a word; as anything she could have said to induce James to forbear, he would have interpreted as implying that she had changed her mind; and was willing that, of the two, old John should be the sufferer from the present determination of his mind to mischief; but tears began to stream from her eyes, when, by every stroke of the spade, as many fair visions were dispelled as floated in the head of the country maid with her milk-pail, just before the milk, which was to lay the foundation of her fortunes, was all spilled upon the ground.

She could not help hoping that James would throw the plants in the alley, so that she could replace them in the bed again; but no! by this time he was too much excited not to make his work of destruction as thorough as possible; and he did not cease

till he had deposited them on a heap of rubbish which was burning in the yard. .

He then came back to the spot where Julia had remained standing all this while, his face red with the exertion he had been making. "Are not you sorry now, that you could not be a little more obliging, Julia?" said he.

"I am not sorry that old John's bed is safe," she replied; and then turned and left him.

He was disappointed at her answer; he hoped, at least, to find her very angry, if not sorry, for the choice she had made. When he was left alone, and had time to recollect himself a little, he began to feel very much ashamed of his conduct; and at the tea-table, though Julia was very sad, you would have said at once, that her heart was more at ease than his. Her parents were both absent at this time, and I thought it best not to interfere at all in the matter. They had just before set out on a journey, to be absent

a month. Julia and James had very little intercourse for some time. I used to walk with Julia, and she almost always chose to go toward old John's, for the sight of his strawberry-bed seemed to afford her great pleasure.

At length the day arrived, when we expected her father and mother home. As it drew to a close, the hours seemed very long, and the children were eager and impatient, so I proposed that we should have the tea-table spread, and see how pretty and refreshing we could make it look to the weary travellers. "Come, Julia," said I, "you must bring some of your finest flowers to fill a tumbler for the centre, and George must produce some of the famous radishes and peppergrass that he boasts of having raised." The tears came into Julia's eyes; "O dear," said she, "what a beautiful saucer of strawberries I might have had for my dear father, but for ——." She stopped short; for just then James came into the room; but he had heard the beginning of her sentence, and soon after I saw him stopping a little girl at the

gate, and buying some strawberries, which he then brought to me, with the request that I would put them on the table.

At length the carriage made its appearance, we all ran to the gate, and in one minute Julia was in her father's lap, with her arms round her mother's neck. "How do you do?—how do you do?" was echoed on all sides.

"Well, but very, *very* tired," was the answer.

"Well, mother," said Julia, "tea is all ready for you;" and directly we were all seated around the table, a joyous group.

"Upon my word," said her father, "I have not seen such a pretty tea-table since I went away; Jenny's hot, smoking tea, and fine white rolls; our friend Caroline's nice sponge-cake, Julia's flowers, George's radishes, and these delicious strawberries, too; why, Julia, your bed must have produced beyond your expectations."

Julia had not observed the strawberries till that moment; her lips trembled, and she

could hardly command her voice to say, "These did not come from my bed, father."

Her father perceived that something troubled her; but, unwilling to mar the pleasures of the tea-table—the social pleasures, I mean—he asked no explanation, and proceeded to talk of something else. After tea, however, he invited her to walk in the garden with him, and then drew from her the whole story of her wrongs. "But do not, father, say anything to James," added she, "for I know he has been sorry enough about it; and it was he, I suppose, that procured the strawberries for the tea-table."

"Well, my daughter," said her father, looking very much pleased, "I hope you have never been sorry for your decision."

"O no, father; I have taken more pleasure in seeing old John's strawberries than I should from his and mine both, if this had not happened; only I did feel very sorry this afternoon, that I had not any for you."

"Well, my darling, this story has been

better to me than all the strawberries in the world; such a good little daughter is enough to make a man happy and rich, if he were poor in everything else."

You may think how pleased Julia was with her father's praise; she came in, looking bright as a sunbeam, and her face glowing with what has been called "the colour of virtue;" for a modest little girl cannot be praised, even by her father, without blushing a little.

James all this while looked rather uneasy, as if in constant expectation of a disclosure, that would bring upon him disgrace and reproof. Nothing was said to him, however, and his was too generous a nature not to be affected by so much goodness and forbearance on the part of Julia,

One morning, in the month of August, Julia's father observed him reading a book; so rare a thing, that he said to him, "What have you there, James? it is a strange thing to see *you* with book in hand."

• "It is one of your books on gardening,

sir," said he; "and I assure you I am very much interested in it."

Soon after this, James asked, one night, if he could have old Rover to ride a few miles before breakfast the next morning.

"Ride before breakfast! you who are never out of your bed until we have all done breakfast; what new character are you going to take next, James?"

"Let me have the horse, sir, and I will show you," said James, laughing. The permission was granted; and when the family were at breakfast, inquiry being made for James, some one said he rode away at four o'clock; it was now eight. Soon after this he came running in.

"Now, Julia, will you take a walk in the garden with me?" said he, looking very significantly.

Julia went, her father followed, and lo and behold! they found the strawberry-bed all set with fine plants again.

"And is this your doing, James? You have anticipated me; I was thinking of doing

it myself soon, but I was at a loss where to get the plants."

"Farmer Smith told me that he would sell me some," said James; "I happened to ask him the other day when he was in the village, because I know he had a good many; so I rode there this morning to get them. I have spent the last two hours in setting them; and now, I hope, Julia will forget all about her old bed."

"That I shall," said Julia; "and like this even better than that."

After this they were great friends; James left off his mischievous sports, and became a delightful companion for Julia; but his favourite amusement, of all others, was weeding and hoeing the strawberry-bed.

MARY AND ELLEN.

“WHAT is the meaning of the word PRIDE, mother?” said Mary Taylor “I often hear it used, but do not know exactly what it means.”

“Do you not think you know any one who is proud, Mary?” said her mother.

“I do not know that I do,” she replied.

“I am sorry to say it,” said Mrs Taylor; “but I think I know one little girl who is quite proud,” fixing her eyes on Mary, as she spoke.

“Oh, mother, you do not mean me; I have always heard that pride is a great sin.”

“We may sometimes cherish even great sins in our hearts, my child,” said her mother, “and yet call them by very soft names. But if you doubt that you are guilty .

of this fault, I will mention an instance of it, which came to my knowledge within a few days. Mrs Mason called here yesterday, and said she thought it her duty, though it was painful so to do, to tell me of a conversation she overheard between Ellen Wood and yourself, the day before, as you were coming home from school. Mrs Wood had a large washing that day, and Ellen was helping her mother to hang out the clothes to dry. Her gown was as clean, I understood Mrs Mason, as was possible, considering the work she was doing; but it was very much mended, which, it seems, did not suit your taste. You began to laugh at poor Ellen—telling her that *you* would not be seen with such a dress on. And as to washing, you thought it was horridly vulgar work; that her mother could afford to hire a servant, if she was not so stingy; and that, if you were in her place, you would show more spirit, and not be so imposed upon. You would walk out oftener, and not spend all your time in rocking the cradle, or trotting

round the garden with the little ones who are too young to go into the street. To all these remarks, Miss Mason said, Ellen replied with the greatest meekness, and she could not help thinking that the words of that beautiful little hymn must have been in her mind, which says—

“When, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I’ll think how Jesus came from heaven
And bore his injuries!”

“Mary,” said she, “I do not mind your laughing at my dress. Perhaps it does look rather strange to you to see that I have mended it with calico of a different kind; but the truth of the matter is, that the pattern of my gown was rather scant, and I had not a piece of it left when it came to mending. It was all of this kind the man had left, and mother thought she would take it, because it appeared so strong; and I do not like to give it up to one of the little ones yet, because it sets so well, and feels so comfortable when I am at work; but it does hurt my feelings,

Mary, to hear you call my mother *stingy*. There is no one more ready and willing to give than she is to those who are poorer than herself; but if you will only think how large our family is, and how feeble father's health is, and how hard he tries to work, you will believe that we ought to be as prudent as we can. To convince you that mother is not stingy, I will tell you something which she said to father to-day.

“She told him that she should like very much to have blinds put up to our parlour windows, because the sun, shining in, made us so uncomfortable last summer. “But,” said she, “if you agree with me, I should rather spend the money they would cost, for the schooling of my brother's children; for, since their poor mother was left a widow, she is not able to pay for it herself.” My father said he was willing, for he thought he should not suffer much with the heat, when we remembered that our little cousins were learning to read and write; and that their teacher, who is a truly good man, would be likely to

teach them to walk in the straight and narrow road, and to become in their hearts the friends and followers of Jesus Christ, who wishes all children to be good and happy."

"This conversation, Mary," said Mrs Taylor, "Mrs Mason repeated to me, because, she said, she knew I should consider her a better friend, to tell me when my child committed a fault, than to hide it from me. And I repeat it to you now, that you may be convinced that you have been guilty of a great sin, in indulging your pride—in despising a person for being meanly dressed. We are told in the Bible that God looketh not on the outward appearance, but at the heart. I believe that Ellen was far more pleasing in his sight, as she stood out in the bright sunshine, helping her mother to work, than was your cousin Margaret, who was so richly dressed, when she went to the Sabbath School excursion. She told you with her own lips, that she had that very morning refused to give a little girl, who was poor and industrious, something towards buying her a pair of

shoes, because she wanted to save all her money, until she got enough to purchase a pair of *handsome ear-rings*. Would not Margaret have felt happier, if she had waited longer for her ear-rings, and given ninepence (if not more) to the poor child, to help her to buy her shoes?"

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